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THE

Chancellors Examination & Preparation

FOR A

T R I A L.

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As the long Imprisonment of George Lord Jefferys late High Chancellor of England, has given him ample leisure for a full and serious Consideration of his state, his Examination of his fatal Circumstances, and Preparation for his Trial, with all other necessary and due Reflections, previous as well to the Appearance not only before so great a Tribunal here, but also a greater and more terrible one to come, have induced him to this timely provision of his Last Will and Testament.

In the Name of AMBITION, the only God of our own setting up and worshipping, together with Cruelty, Treachery, Perjury, Pride, Insolence &c. his ever-adored Angels and Archangels, clobenfoted, or otherwise, Amen.

I George, sometimes Lord, but alwaies Jeffrys, being in intire bodily Health, (my once great Heart at present dwindled to the Diminutive Dimensions of a French Bean, only excepted) and in sound and perfect Memory of High Commissions, Quo Warranto's, Regulations, Dispensations, Pillorizations, Flaugations, Gibbetations, Barbarity, Butchery, Tyranny, together with the Bonds and Tyes of Right, Justice, Equity, Law, and Gospel; as also those of Liberty, Property, Magna Charta, &c. not only at diverse and fundry, but at all times by me Religiously broken; and being reminded by a Halter before me, and my Sins behind me, do make my last Will and Testament in manner and form following.

Imprimis, Because it has alwaies been the modish Departure of Great Men and Greater Sinners, to leave some Legacy to pious Uses, I give and bequeath 1000 l. towards the building of a Shrine and a Chapel to St. Coleman, for the particular Devotion of a late very great English Zealot, for whose Glory I farther order my Executors to bear half charges in inserting and registring the sacred Papers and Memoirs of the said Saint, in those Divine Legends The Lives of the Saints, by the Hand of his reverend and no less industrious Successor Father Peters; that so the never-dying Renown of the long-swore meritorious (tho' unfortunate) Vengeance against the Northern Heresie, (in which once-hopeful Vineyard I have been no small Labourer) may be transmitted to posterity by so pious a Recorder.

Item. As a Legacy to her late Consort-Majesty of Great Britain, my sometimes Royal Patroness, I do bequeath 3000 Crowns to Holy Mother Church, to purchase through his Holiness, and the good Lady of Loretto's Intercession, the same Benediction to the French Waters of Spam, they once vouchsafed to the English ones of Bath, to give her Majesty the Conception of a Duke of York to her Prince of Wales; humbly with my dying breath requesting, for the future silencing of Malice and confutation of Infidelity, that her said Majesty would in due prudence graciously please to select out for her next Labour, but half as able Witnesses and reeking Spectators of her Delivery as my self, there being in her late case no person in the World a more experimentally substantiated Evidence of a Male Child born of the body of a Queen, at full growth at 8 months; when 'tis so no-

toriously known, that my own first Female Child my Wifes was at the like full growth born at 5 months.

Item, In tenderness and hearty good-will to my sometimes-Friends and Allies on the other side, the Herring-pond, I think fit (as a small Mite to the great Cause) to order my Executors out of my late Son-in-law's Estate, saved by my own Chancery Decree from the Salisbury Creditors, as much Money to be remitted over to the true and trusty Tyrconnel, as will purchase new Liveries of the best Irish Frieze, completely to rig a whole Regiment of his new raised Leagues; as also the like quantity for the rigging of another Regiment of French Dragoons, now sending over to his Excellencies succour; his Gallic Majesty having long since ordered the Edict of Nantz and all other parliamentary Heretick Records of France to be burnt *em gratis*, to make 'em Taylor's measure of the English Magna Charta, some time since designed for the same use.

But above all, to take Care for my own Decent Funeral, lest my Executors, to Save the charges of Christian burial, should drop me under Ground, as slovenly as my old great Master, at Westminster, I think fit to order the Rites and Ceremonies of my Obsequies, as follows:

Imprimis, I desire that my Funeral Anthems be all set to the Tune of old *Lilli burlero*, that never to be forgotten *Irish Shibolet*, in Commemoration not only of 200000 Hereticks, that formerly Danced off to the said Musical Notes, but also of the second part to the same tune, lately designing, setting, and composing by a Great Master of mine, and my self. The said Anthem to be Sung by a train of seven or eight hundred Orphans of my own making in the West; who in their native Raggs (a Livery likewise of my own Donation) as a Dress fittest for the said Cavalcade, will (I am assured) be no way wanting in their readiest and ablest Melody, suitable to the occasion.

Item, I order 200 Jacobusses to be laid out in Myrrh Frankincense, and other necessary Perfumes, to be burnt at my Funeral, to sweeten, if possible, some little stink, I may probably leave behind me.

Item, I order an Ell and half of fine Cambrick to be cut out into Handkerchers, for drying up all the wet Eyes at my Funeral, together with half a pint of burnt Claret, for all the Mourners in the Kingdom.

Item, for the more Decent Interrment of my Remains, I Will and Require, for the Re-cementing of my unhappy politick Head to my Shoulders again, provided always I have the honour of the Axe, as 'tis much questioned) that a present of a Diamond Ring be made to Madam Labadie, for the use of the same Needle, and a Skean of the same Thred, once used on a very important occasion, for the Quilting of a certain notable Cushion of Famous Memory.

To conclude. For avoyding all Chancery Suits about the Disposal of my aforesaid Legacies, that the Contents of this my Last Will may be made publick, I order my Executors to take care that

This may be Printed.

Printed for W. Cademan, 1689.

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I have been thinking of you very much lately, and
 wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are
 well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but
 I have managed to find some time to write to you.
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